



# City of Akron, Ohio

DONALD L. PLUSQUELLIC, MAYOR

April 17, 2007

Dear Friend:

Welcome to the City of Akron's annual Holocaust Commemoration and Awards Ceremony. Today, we assemble to honor outstanding students for their art and writing talent and their participation in the City of Akron Holocaust Arts and Writing Contest. At this time, we also pause to remember the millions who suffered and died during the Holocaust.

This year's contest and commemoration focuses on rescuers which should give us hope even when times are darkest, there will always be someone to light the way. The theme also reflects on how compassionate people can help rescue future generations. I hope the young people of Akron and Summit County realize as they grow into adults that what we do today will affect tomorrow's world.

Our speaker today is Carol Danks, a former Kent Roosevelt High School Teacher, a lecturer on the Holocaust, and a Holocaust educator throughout the United States. She currently is a volunteer at the United States Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C., and has spent years exploring tolerance and moral choices people make in times of stress. A brief bio of her commitment to educating the world about the events and affects of the Holocaust appears on the speaker's page of this book. We are fortunate to have someone with her background and expertise with us today.

Also, within the pages of this book, you will find some outstanding interpretations of the contest topic. These middle and high school students found a connection with the Holocaust and events since and expressed them in words, in music and through many artistic media. I hope you will read through the stories and poems. The original pieces of visual art are on display now through April 27 at the Akron Summit County Public Library at 60 South High Street in downtown Akron.

To the teachers and parents who supported their children in preparing for the contest, thank you. We must constantly consider the Lessons of the Holocaust to learn all that we can — and should — from them. Thank you also to Sue Spector for leading the City of Akron Holocaust Commemoration Committee.

Sincerely,

DONALD L. PLUSQUELLIC  
Mayor

# **2007 City of Akron Holocaust Arts and Writing Contest Participants Division I (grades 6 through 8)**

## **Coventry Junior High (Teachers: Janice Nadeau and Toni Williams)**

Shawn Banner  
Stephanie Fry  
Tierra Littlefield  
Nikki Morrison  
Brittany Parker

## **Copley-Fairlawn Middle High (Teacher: Lori Herro)**

Samantha Kirk

## **Hudson Middle School (Teachers: Lynn Beaton and Jennifer Lawler)**

Lynn Barnhouse	Hannah Hornis	Sam Rhind
Patrick Burnett	Kara Hughes	Lisa Santa
Mackenzie Carlson	Tiffany Lin	Jennifer Shanks
Casey Carson	Andrew Lovano	Lindsey Smith
Peter Davidson	Lauren Malthaner	Janice Suess
Lauren Edmonds	Danielle Margalit	Haley Turner
Erica Evans	Hannah Mazur	Jessie Varnes
Kurt Freidberg	Sarah Moffitt	Jamie Wright
Shelby Hartline	Ashley Newman	Ally Zeleznik
Audra Hoffmeister	Baxter Quartz	John Zucca
Allison Hoornbeek		

## **Hyre Middle School (Teacher: Patricia Bodine)**

Melissa Yakubik

## **Immaculate Heart of Mary (Teacher: Chris Comeriato)**

Colleen Rosen

## **Lippman Day School (Teacher: Sarah Bricklin)**

Samantha Crane	Brittany Gajarsky-Kottler	John Jones
Taylor Cunningham	Naomi Genshaft	Adam Kofsky
Tori Cunningham	Arielle Goldstein	Terriona Morgan
Ethan Dayan	Kayla Goldstein	Elad Ohayon
Laurie Ferrato	Brandon Gross	Rone Ohayon
Kristi Ferrato	Keila Hamed-Ramos	Sam Scherbakov
Erin Fogle		William Welch

## **Litchfield Middle School (Teacher: Irene Adler)**

Hannah Bowie	Sydney Laubscher
John Cohill	Brandon Maddern
Matthew Dang	Kristen Mitzel
Chantella Dent	Patrick Schultz
Elaina Fabre	Sterling Shriber

## **Miller South School for the Visual & Performing Arts (Teachers: Julianne Hogarth, Pamela Lightner and Bonnie Wachter)**

Abigail Ball	Chad Clifford	Ladychia Davis
Daniel Blair	Kendahl Clifford	Elizabeth Denholm
Amelia Britton	Jayne Bryson	

### **Miller South School for the Visual & Performing Arts (Continued)**

Tara Deryck	Sierrah Jesiolowski	Ryan Petit
Zoe Dong	Erika Johnson	Lilly Romestant
Clara Dorfi	Kaitlyn Jones	Aaron Russell
Allyssa Dziurlaj	Andrea Krebs	Morgan Schroeder
Julia Edwards	Emily Mattern	Renee Shaffer
Hannah Good	Chloe Napoletano	Kylie Thanasiu
Marie Harp	Adam Nelson	Imogen Underwood
Cassidy Harrison	Ile-Ife Okantah	Kaitlyn Wellendorf
Lexi Hunt	Lauren Pannell	Allison Zahorcak

### **Nordonia Hills Middle School (Teacher: Christine Fahlman)**

Ana C. Bacco	David Simenc
Nathan Chaffee	Derek Szabo
Joanna L. Rogucki	Christian Whitworth

### **O.H. Somers Elementary School (Teacher: Cassie Lee)**

Tricia Adams	Miranda Greathouse	Daniel McCarthy
Kayla Adkins	Bethany Holland	Lauren McDowall
Megan Alexander	Carley Hurley	Matt Nolti
Meagan Andrews	Randy Jenkins	Katy Otto
Pierce Austin	Jordan Jeter	Megan Pierce
Shannon Barchalk	Dylan Johnson	Brianna Porter
Jackie Barnes	Saphire Keen	Sammie Sanders
Shane Brown	Joshua Keen	Kaley Schrader
Joey Callihan	Madison King	Payton Schultz
Lucas Chapman	Jordan Lacy	Gary Strain
Jake Cramer	Louella Ledsome	Hannah Stuhl
Joe Cramer	Abigail Mack	Nicole Thomas
Nick DelPuppo	Harold Mackenzie	Robert Wagner
Rachel Etters	Hope Marshall	Makenzie Williams
Erica Franklin		

### **Old Trail School (Teacher: Jeffrey Eason)**

Nick Crisalli	Emma Leonard
Lexi Karas	Emily Masich
Annie King	Nina Napolitano
Kyle Krueger	Lauren Young

### **Revere Middle School (Teacher: Gayle Doherty)**

Stephaine Csontos  
Edwin Zhang

### **St. Joseph School (Teacher: Martha Huber)**

Emily Bulgrin

### **St. Sebastian Elementary School (Teachers: Michael McDonald, Anthony Rohr and Katrina Stoneman)**

Emily Ancona	Jimmy Ciotola	Lauren Fallucco
Brianna Arman	Nicholas DeKemper	Paige Gravenstein
Zachary Becker	Alex Diestel	Katherine Hackney
Amelia Bendo	Nick Dodson	Katelyn Holaday
Anthony Burns	Shannon Ede	Indigo Hunt
Kay Caperez	Abigail Eitman	Nicholas Karipides

### **St. Sebastian Elementary School (Continued)**

Megan Klamert  
Megan Kudlac  
Caitlin Laughlin  
Jessica Liodos  
Michael Logsdon  
Victoria Luckenbaugh  
Kassandra Morrison

Vincent Musci  
Spenser Nikitin  
Taylor Parker  
Madison Petit  
Sierrah Radik  
Joseph Regueiro  
Mariah Stoneman

Lexis Topoly  
Nicole Wagoner  
Kate Walsh  
Olivia Wilde  
Dominic Wilson  
Joey Yost

## **2007 City of Akron Holocaust Arts and Writing Contest Participants Division II (grades 9 through 12)**

### **Archbishop Hoban High School (Teacher: Jill Fortman)**

Katie Costello

### **Buchtel High School (Teacher: Michael Sienerth)**

James Hill  
Giavonnie Woods

### **Ellet High School (Teachers: Barb Baltrinic, Constance Smith-Clemens and Diane Donnelly)**

Stephanie Burdell  
Daniel Calvin  
Cara DeAngelis  
Tiffanie Harouff

Josh Harris  
Elizabeth Hembree  
Lauren Hunyadi  
Hayley Johnson

Lacie Oden  
Karissa Pluck  
Sarah Yakubik

### **Firestone High School (Teacher: Stephen Csejtey, S. Hankinson, Patricia Jolly, Ray Grywalski and Bobbie Smith)**

Joelle Baker  
Julie Botnick  
Kyle Burwell  
Samantha Cardarelli  
Christine Coffman  
Jacob Crapanzano  
Kelly Dagilis  
Hannah Daneshvar  
Jenni Deluca  
Juanita Dennis  
Ariel Derby  
Anna Dorfi  
Monica Edgerton  
Maddie Englehart

Carly Fetterolf  
Leah Friedlander  
Leah Fulton  
Xiao (Amy) Gao  
Andy Gatti  
Kellie Hale  
Anna Herr  
Zach Herring  
James Hyde  
Leslie Johnson  
Dioswal Johnson  
Brett Jones  
Lindsay Journic  
Maia Kavouras  
Allison Latham

Claire Lentz  
Anneliese Linnen  
Kyle Mayfield  
William Myers  
Kathryn Palmer  
Jayshawn Peterson  
Maria Roth  
Brandon Shields  
Ashleigh Snodgrass  
Megan Svoboda  
Jamie Thompson  
Antonio Watson  
Chloe Welch  
Trista White  
Rachael Wilder

### **Green High School (Teacher: Elaine Miller)**

Nicole Abou Zeid  
Katie Alderman  
Justin Ball  
Grace Beasley  
Stacie Beres  
Maggie Berry  
Amanda Bortz

Kendra Boyd  
Lindsey Branham  
Julia Brewer  
Elizabeth Brooke  
Mickala Buccigross  
Megan Cascaldo  
Kyle Celek

Matt Charek  
Maria Ciccolini  
Anne Clark  
Alex Corbin  
Lauren Covell  
Gina Cross  
Kristin Crute



### **Green High School (Continued)**

Daniel Darkow  
Lauren DeWalt  
Clara Ditto  
William Dodd  
Caleb Donnelly  
Mara Fernandez  
Bridget Flynn  
Katie Gamby  
Luke Gay  
James Gurney  
Ryan Hawkins  
Briana Hinkle  
Charles Janini  
Lauren Kane  
Ashley Karelitz  
Bethany Kauffman

Elizabeth King  
Michelle Kisak  
Melanie Kline  
Christopher Korman  
Becky Ligon  
Zach Long  
Benjamin Louis  
Brooke Lowrie  
Joe Manno  
Nathan Marzlin  
Kaysie Mercer  
Maria Messner  
Alyssa Mowery  
Loren Neubert  
Elijah Nine  
Ashley Noble

Shannon Parma  
Nat Pollack  
Johnathon Ralston  
Toby Rogers  
Emily Shelton  
Kaitlin Shultz  
Brienne Soles  
Jennifer Sprandel  
Holly Stansbery  
Martha Vang  
Bradford Vielhaber  
Kyle Westhafer  
Joseph Wheeler  
Jennifer Willoughby  
Ryan Woods

### **Kenmore High School (Teacher: Patrick Smith)**

Tiffany Anderson  
Todd Cook  
Katie Lamson

Michael Massaro  
Rebekah Thissen

### **Mogadore High School (Teacher: Matt Beresh)**

Kaitlyn Carlyn  
Tony Lee  
Aubrey Smith

### **Revere High School (Teacher: McClaine Hayes)**

Naureen Huda

### **Springfield High School (Teachers: Nancy Michel)**

Bobby Ambrose  
Tricia Ange  
Kelsie Archer  
Alyssa Archer  
Jenna Barry  
Jason Boggs  
Megan Clark  
Zachary Cope  
Michael Crites  
Taylor Dockus  
Amanda Donatelli  
Jessica Dowling

Derek Dunn  
Darla Gates  
Tiffany Grey  
Kendra Harold  
Emma Huth  
Kirk Jackson  
Krista Kachovec  
Samara Kingan  
Cody LaBelle  
Aaron Massey  
Nathan Massey  
Jessica Moneypenny

Taylor Naus  
Amie Petit  
Cary Phillips  
Christopher Powell  
John Reynolds  
Rachael Scriver  
Alisha Sharp  
Jessica Shoemaker  
Bobbi Smith  
Alexis Squire  
Zack Stover  
Julie Williams

### **St. Vincent-St. Mary High School (Teachers: Mary Anderson, Anne Bickett and Rita Lancianese)**

Cassandra Ausperk  
Kelly Baugh  
Anthony Dolan  
Kathleen Haney  
Justin Heegan  
Elizabeth Herron  
Michelle Hetson

Nichole Hrovat  
Emily Ingram  
Max Kengott  
Lyndsay Lampley  
Kristen Lecerf  
Marian Mion  
Jasmine Modin  
Bridget Nickol

Laura Ronk  
Lauren Rossi  
Cali Roth  
Katelyn Sickels  
Alicia Sovacool  
Katherine Wheeler  
Anna Wilson  
Andrew Wenmoth

**2007 City of Akron Holocaust Commemoration**  
**Akron Summit County Public Library, Main Library**  
**April 17, 2007**

**11:30 A.M. AWARDS CEREMONY**

Welcome	Sue Spector, Chair Holocaust Commemoration Committee
Master of Ceremonies	Carla Davis Akron Summit County Public Library
Presenters	Sue Spector and Katie Wells-Goodwin Holocaust Committee
Musical Interlude	Cellists, Lynette Janke, Teacher, Akron Public Schools Kassie Peterman , Firestone High School

**12 NOON COMMEMORATION CEREMONY**

Invocation	Rabbi Mendy Sasonkin Revere Road Synagogue, Akron, Ohio
Welcome	Sue Spector, Chair Holocaust Commemoration Committee
Welcome of Officials	Billy Soule Assistant to the Mayor for Community Relations
Mayor's Message	Donald L. Plusquellic Mayor, City of Akron
Introduction of "Best of the Best"	Dorothy O. Jackson Award
Introduction of Guest Speaker	Esther Hexter Holocaust Committee
Guest Speaker Topic: "Holocaust Rescuers: Points of Light in the Darkness"	Carol Danks
Candle Lighting Ceremony	Sally Childs, APS and Student Award Winners
Closing Remarks	Sue Spector
Benediction	Rev., Dr. Curtis T. Walker Wesley Temple A.M.E. Zion Church

## Keynote Speaker Carol Danks

Carol Danks was a teacher of English and Newspaper Production and English Department Chairperson at Roosevelt High School, Kent, Ohio for twenty five years.

She is currently a member of the Regional Education Corps and a docent and volunteer at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C.



She served as Literature Consultant & Educational and Outreach Advisory Committee member for *Auschwitz: Inside the Nazi State* produced by PBS.

Mrs. Danks is a founding and current member of the Ohio Council on Holocaust Education. She co-edited *The Holocaust: Prejudice Unleashed*, a secondary school curriculum, written for the State of Ohio Department of Education; and *Teaching for a Tolerant World, Grades 9-12*. Her articles on the Holocaust and Holocaust education have been published in numerous books and journals.

She has been awarded the prestigious Mandel Fellowship for 1997-98 by the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum and a Lifetime Achievement Award from the Journalism Education Association.

She has lectured on the Holocaust and Holocaust education throughout United States and participated in Holocaust seminars in Europe and Israel and at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.

She received a Bachelor of Arts degree from Rutgers University, Master of Arts in Teaching from Kent State University, and has pursued post graduate study.

Much of her career has been spent exploring tolerance and moral choices people make in times of extreme stress *"even when those actions might result in harm to oneself."*

*"How do we "teach" moral development in meaningful ways? Can we? By interacting with others/students in humane and accepting ways, teachers/adults can provide positive role models. Exploring the lives of others who have exemplified helping others in times of great stress is another way. We can help students understand that all of us, as humans, daily make choices on a continuum--from altruistic to totally selfish--and that we must be ever vigilant about the impact of our choices and actions both on others and ourselves."*

- Carol Danks



## Visual Art - Individual - Division I - 1st Place "Fragile Lives, Fragile Walls"

By Allyssa Dziurlaj

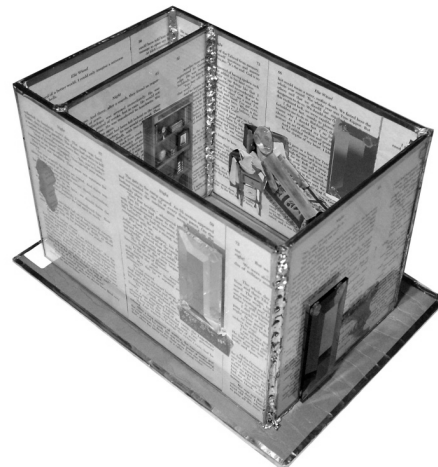
Grade 8

Miller South School for the Visual and Performing Arts

Teacher: Bonnie Wachter



Rescuers came in all genders and ages. All homes that took the risk to hide and save another's life were fragile in many ways, like this house and people of glass. Small or large cracks could develop at any time shattering everything. Those cracks were being unexplained noises, the mental stress of being found out, and the frightening consequences. The printed pages surrounding the house represent that the home and the people in it could not get away from the news of the terrible Holocaust going on outside. The moral conscience of the rescuers prevented the killing of more innocent Jews.



## Visual Art – Individual – Division I - 2nd Place "Looking Through the Lenses of a Hero"

By Sam Rhind

Grade 8

Hudson Middle School

Teacher: Jennifer Lawler



My piece is a "camera" that displays three pictures of rescuers from the Holocaust, and also three pictures from a few heroes of today. The reason why I made this look like a camera is to resemble what things look like on the other side of the picture. When you look into my camera, you can make it feel like you are taking the picture there yourself. The Holocaust was one of the most tragic things America had experienced, and with the good souls of today we can prevent these things from happening again.





## Visual Art - Individual - Division I - 3rd Place

### "21,310 Worldwide Rescuers"

By Sam Scherbakov

Grade 6

Lippman Day School

Teacher: Sarah Bricklin

My project displays eight countries, the number of rescuers from each country, and the words "thank you" in their language. Although there were few rescuers, they made a big difference in the lives they saved during the Holocaust. I also created a message, which could have been written on a wall in someone's hiding place: "Thank you, my unknown rescuer, for saving my family and me, and giving us the light of life." I thought of this message after reading the poem by Hannah Senesh, "Blessed is the Match," where she uses a flame and light to describe the rescuer.



## The City of Akron Holocaust Commemoration

**DAYS OF  
REMEMBRANCE  
2007**



U.S. HOLOCAUST  
MEMORIAL COUNCIL

Sunday, April 15, 2007 through Sunday, April 22, 2007

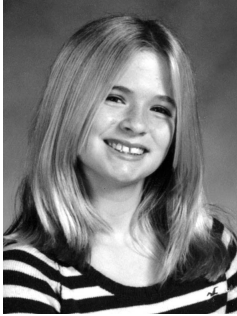
"Lessons of the Holocaust: Holocaust Rescuers - A Model for the Present"

## Visual Art – Division I - Individual - Honorable Mentions

Student	School	Title or Art
Baxter Quartz	Hudson Middle	"The Hand of Grace"
Melissa Yakubik	Hyre Middle	"Rose of the Rescuers"
Jayme Bryson	Miller South	"Reunited"
Lexi Karas	Old Trail School	"Waiting to Be Rescued"
Alex Diestel	St. Sebastian	"Voices of the Holocaust"
Lauren Fallucco	St. Sebastian	"Rescue/Freedom From Pain"

## Visual Art – Division I - Collaborative - Honorable Mentions

Lynn Barnhouse	Hudson Middle	"The Never-Ending Holocaust"
Lindsey Smith	Hudson Middle	"The Never-Ending Holocaust"
Audra Hoffmeister	Hudson Middle	"Unite As One"
Hannah Mazur	Hudson Middle	"Unite As One"
Andrea Krebs	Miller South	"Learning From the Past..."
Imogen Underwood	Miller South	"Learning From The Past..."
Zachary Becker	St. Sebastian	"Fixing the Mangled Track..."
Jimmy Ciotola	St. Sebastian	"Fixing the Mangled Track..."
Nicholas Karipides	St. Sebastian	"Fixing the Mangled Track..."
Anthony Burns	St. Sebastian	"Remembering the Past"
Nicholas DeKemper	St. Sebastian	"Remembering the Past"
Spenser Nikitin	St. Sebastian	"Remembering the Past"
Taylor Parker	St. Sebastian	"Voices of the Holocaust"
Nicole Wagoner	St. Sebastian	"Voices of the Holocaust"



## Visual Art - Collaborative - Division I - 1st Place "End of Tyranny"

By Shannon Ede, Mariah Stoneman and Olivia Wilde  
Grade 6

St. Sebastian Elementary School

Teacher: Katrina Stoneman



Throughout history, tyrants continued to exist because people did not stand up and oppose them. For us, real heroes are people who were rescued and did not go along with what is popular or easy. They fight for things that they believe is right, no matter what others say. These people can be soldiers or just everyday people. This work is dedicated to those who fight cruelty and oppression, in past and present day.



## Visual Art – Collaborative – Division I - 2nd Place

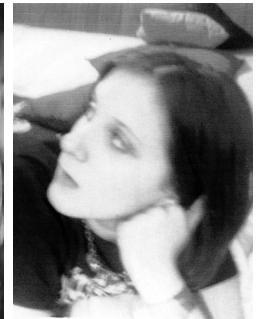
### "Embrace and Reflection"

By Elizabeth Denholm and Allison Zahorcak

Grade 8

Miller South School for the Visual and Performing Arts

Teacher: Julianne Hogarth



Our piece, Embrace the Reflection is about how the rescuers where able to embrace and comfort the people going through the hardships of the Holocaust. The artwork pictures two figures holding and embracing each other, which symbolizes rescuers helping and taking care of the sufferers of the Holocaust to the best of their ability. The wood in our artwork symbolizes the tight and compact spaces that might not be in such good condition, in which the victims of the Holocaust were able to stay in when being helped by generous rescuers. In our piece, the mirror represents how we need to reflect on the amazingly genuine people who help to the best of their ability to keep the victims of the Holocaust as safe as possible.



## Visual Art – Individual – Division II - 1st Place

### “Memoirs of a Hero”

By Jasmine Modin

Grade 12

St. Vincent St. Mary High School

Teacher: Rita Lancianese



“Please help me stay alive.” I remember hearing those words in a documentary in class and wondering what exactly it felt like to feel so helpless. The

book I constructed has pieces of stories from heroes and heroines of the Holocaust. I was fascinated with the survivors and even more with the rescuers of the time. I tried to represent these ideas in my book. The colors I chose are obvious, but the figure I carved could be either male or female. The work despair represents this horrible past but the words hope and peace represent the future.

## Visual Art – Individual – Division II - 2nd Place

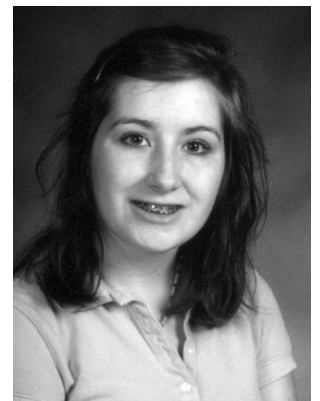
### “Views of the Past and Present—Creating a Pathway for Survival”

By Joelle Baker

Grade 11

Firestone High School

Teacher: Steven Csejtey



I chose to present my piece a lot more unique than a lot of the other Holocaust projects. I wanted it to be open to interpretation. I also wanted it to look somewhat like the pieces of artwork that were created by people in the camps and discovered after the Holocaust, so I kept it simple. The Jewish prisoner is plant-



ing a seed of a plant that grows and represents what happened. This person planting that seed ultimately makes the survival of the Jewish people. The “chai” means “life.”





## Visual Art – Individual – Division II - 3rd Place

### “Path to Hope”

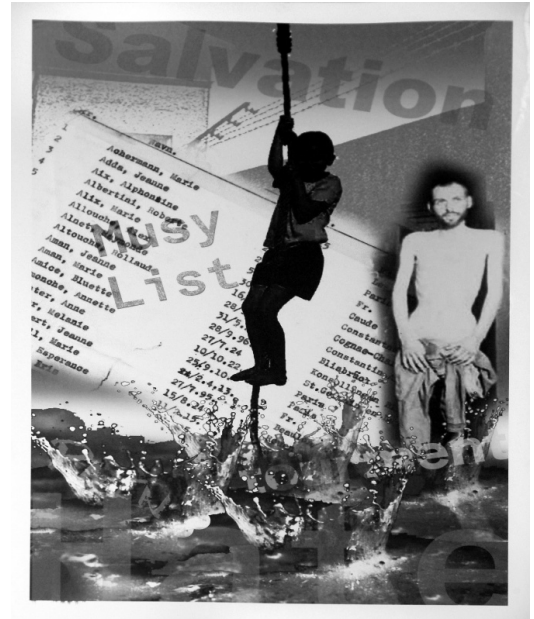
By Jamie Thompson

Grade 10

Firestone High School

Teacher: Steven Csejtey

My piece, *Path to Hope*, centers on the hard journey to achieve salvation, and all the people who help in that journey. Not many people know about the Musy list, so I figured it would be a good thing to feature. In the center of the image is a shadowed figure climbing a rope toward salvation. In the background are objects that remind one of the hardships that have occurred, so that the person has to climb their way through the events, and in front of it all is the actual Musy list. At the bottom of the rope is a pool of dark swirling water, representing the horrors that threaten to swallow its victims, but the figure is climbing away.



## Visual Art – Individual – Division II - 4th Place

### “The Brightest Star”

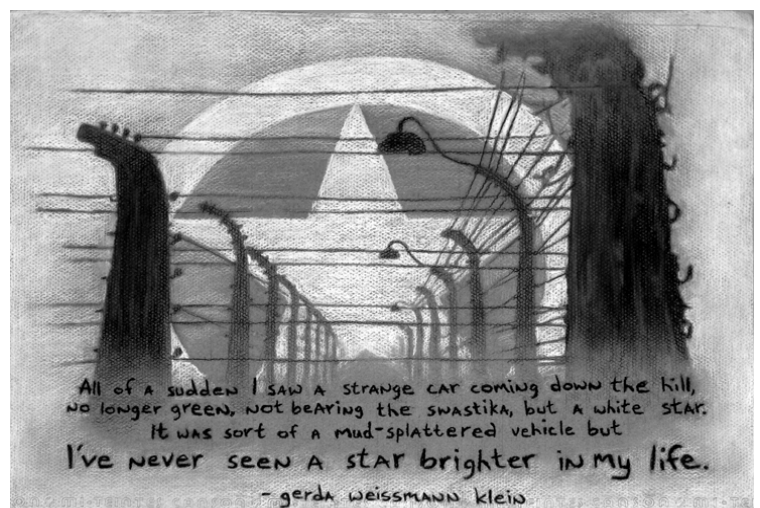
By Leah Fulton

Grade 10

Firestone High School

Teacher: Steven Csejtey

My title, *The Brightest Star*, originates from an interview with Gerda Weissmann Klein. On the day of her liberation, Gerda remembers seeing a strange, new vehicle come into sight. It bore a white World War II star which she would later describe as the brightest star she had ever seen in her life. In my drawing, strong, black lines trace the silhouette of a confinement fence, symbolizing the pain and despair residing inside of the concentration camps. Pushing through the darkness is an illuminated, white star. This star stands for freedom and the strength of compassion. It stands for every person who spoke out against discrimination in this troubling time.



## Dorothy O. Jackson “Best of the Best”

# Heroes of the Holocaust

By: Kyle Westhafer

Congratulations to Kyle Westhafer of Green High School  
Voted “Best of the Best” for his “Heroes of the Holocaust” PowerPoint presentation  
Kyle also wrote and performed original music for his presentation

### Visual Art – Individual – Division II - Honorable Mentions

Student	School	Title or Art
Jenni Deluca	Firestone High School	“A Family Divided”
Lindsay Journic	Firestone High School	“Encountering the Destruction”
Kathryn Palmer	Firestone High School	“Remembrance”
Antonio Watson	Firestone High School	“Holocaust Heroes”
Tony Lee	Mogadore High School	“The Fall of the Nazi”
Bobby Ambrose	Springfield High School	“Not Alone”
Tricia Ange	Springfield High School	“Hidden”
Kelsie Archer	Springfield High School	“Rescue of Innocence”
Amanda Donatelli	Springfield High School	“Think Like A Hero”
Kirk Jackson	Springfield High School	“Dozens of Lives Saved”
Christopher Powell	Springfield High School	“Saving Grace”
John Reynolds	Springfield High School	“Goodness Repeats Itself”
Andrew Wenmoth	St. Vincent-St. Mary	“Remember the Past...”

(All winning entries can be seen on the City of Akron's Website at: [www.ci.akron.oh.us/holocaust](http://www.ci.akron.oh.us/holocaust))



## **Creative Multimedia – Individual – Division I - 1st Place**

### **“Soldiers of the Reich: Unlikely Rescuers”**

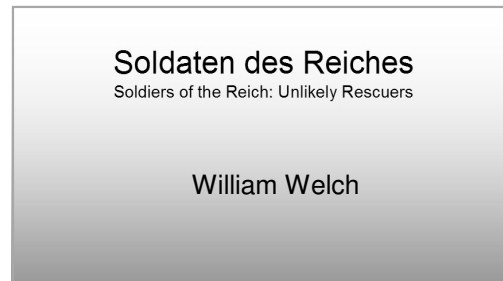
By William Welch

Grade 8

Lippman Day School

Teacher: Sarah Bricklin

For my Holocaust project, I chose to interview a Holocaust survivor from Germany. He was separated from his parents as a young child, and, with faith in God, as well as luck, was reunited with both parents after the war. I chose to do this for my project because there is so much to learn from a person who actually experienced the Holocaust, and they are proof that this terrible event in history actually happened. The Holocaust is not just a myth from people who want pity, and by learning the truth about the Holocaust we can begin to make sure this never happens again.



## **Creative Multimedia – Individual – Division II - 1st Place**



### **“Best of the Best”**

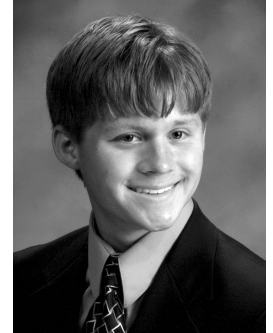
### **“Heroes of the Holocaust”**

By Kyle Westhafer

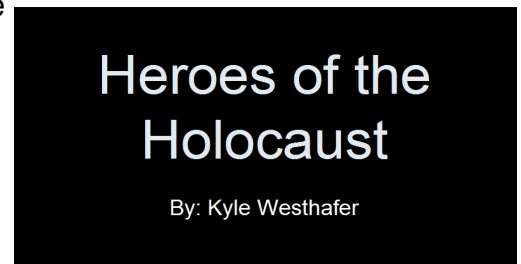
Grade 12

Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller



As I searched for books at the Akron public library that pertained to this year's theme, the librarian recommended a great website. After conducting some brief research to understand the theme, I wrote music in the form to fit my PowerPoint. For every line I wrote, I made notes of what type of slide I wanted to include in the time segment. In order to set the stage for the theme, the first minute of my presentation is general information and pictures of the Holocaust. The last two and a half minutes focus on the rescuers of the Holocaust. From the given website, I picked out the most heroic stories to include in my presentation. I feel this theme ties in to last year's. By learning about the work of the rescuers, we can prevent such an event from happening again.





## Creative Multimedia – Collaborative – Division I - 1st Place

### “Follow Their Lead, Save a Life”

By Erica Evans, Tiffany Lin and Jennifer Shanks

Grade 8

Hudson Middle School

Teacher: Jennifer Lawler

My group and I decided to do this project because we really wanted to get the message out that what happened during the Holocaust should never happen again. All of the killing, violence, and racism were wrong. Of course, we wouldn't want to be killed, but if it meant saving someone who was just in the wrong place at the wrong time, we would die for him or her in a heartbeat.



## Creative Multimedia – Individual – Division II Honorable Mention

### “In Remembrance”

By Nate Pollack

Grade 12

Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller



My video combines a poem and music that I wrote with photographs. The theme of the video is obviously Holocaust heroes, and I focused especially on Oskar Schindler and Raoul Wallenberg. Each stanza of the poem is associated with a picture that has something to do with the meaning of that certain stanza. As the poem ends, the music changes slightly and the video then goes through a series of pictures pertaining to Schindler and Wallenberg.

(All winning entries can be seen on the City of Akron's Website at: [www.ci.akron.oh.us/holocaust](http://www.ci.akron.oh.us/holocaust))

## Writing - Division I

### 1st Place

#### "And Still They Walked"

Lauren Edmonds

Grade 8, Hudson Middle School

Teacher: Lynn Beaton



"Tell us a story, Auntie Ruth!"

The dozen-odd children gathered around Ruth as she began to speak. "Today I shall tell you a serious story—" she paused as several of her charges groaned. "Stop that. All tales have a lesson, and this lesson is one I hold dear to my heart."

As the children waited, fidgeting, Ruth reflected. They were young, yes, but boys and girls younger than them had actually lived this. The newest generation must learn of the past. The elderly woman began her tale.

"Once upon a time, not so long ago, a man named Hitler lived. He thought that uniqueness—those little things that make each of you special—was bad. He thought everyone should look and think exactly the same."

"But that would be boring!" a girl interrupted.

"Quite right," Ruth replied. "Now let me continue. Hitler only liked people with blond hair and blue eyes. He wanted to get rid of everyone who was different, including Jews. He and his followers made the Jews march to concentration camps, long marches that ended in death." Her eyes grew misted with memory, and her voice fell into a rhythm long practiced as she told the children her story...

Yanked away  
Forced from their homes  
Never again seen  
They began to walk.

No hope for help  
Guarded too well  
Death for the brave  
And still they walked.

A crumb of bread  
Stale essence of life  
Hunger gnawing  
And still they walked.

A drop of blood  
An anguished cry  
The end begins  
And still they walked.

A swift shot  
A collapsing corpse

Blood pooled in the snow  
And still they walked.

A sob of sorrow  
For friends now gone  
No wish to live  
And still they walked.

Darkness falls  
No light ahead  
Lost, so lost  
And still they walked.

So much was lost  
Only shadows remain  
Remnants of the past  
Remember the walks.

"For those who survived the grueling marches, the hardships were not over yet. The soldiers killed many of the survivors at arrival, and you were lucky if you weren't shot. Then the most able-bodied were sent to work, and the rest were gassed. These are the horrors of the Holocaust."

The children did not realize the story had ended, so captivated they had been. Ruth's passion in this telling was far stronger than in the nursery rhymes she usually told. Finally, a young boy asked, "But it's just a story, right? The marching and everything was made up as a scary story?"

"Hardly," snapped Ruth, eyes blazing. "The Holocaust truly happened, and I was there. The concentration camps numbered their occupants, didn't I tell you?" She rolled up her sleeve to reveal a serial number tattooed on her inner forearm. "I was in Auschwitz as a laborer for many years. Your ignorance will be the downfall of your generation. Instead of facing the hard truth, you hide behind your electronic games, denying the millions who died in the Holocaust."

The boy bowed his head, shamefaced. Ruth's features softened a bit. "There is a lesson in this, children, and you must take it to heart. Then I can feel I educated you. As long as you remember the horrors of my life, you can prevent them from occurring in yours. As many people died on those marches as in the death camps. We had little food; poor shelter...life was precious, and so easy to lose. Few hearts are cold enough to murder millions, but another Hitler will be born someday. Don't follow the path. Without support, the would-be dictators are nothing. Without support, they can't murder anyone. Without support, you will live in warm homes with the securities of freedom."

One of the children promised, "I will always remember, Auntie Ruth. Always." Another child repeated it, then another, until they were chanting together, "We will remember. We will remember. We will remember!"

Tears in her eyes, Ruth thought, "This is my purpose. This is why I survived. To teach the next generation the most valuable lesson, the lesson of life."

## Writing - Division I

### 2nd Place

#### "The Connection"

Cassidy Harrison

Grade 6, Miller South School

Teacher: Bonnie Wachter



February 22, 1939

Dear Private Thoughts Keeper,

Adolf Hitler has just declared his dictatorship. Everyone in town thinks that he is going to do something tremendously horrible one of these days. They just don't trust him. He has started recruiting men and young lads to join his new group called the Gestapo. No one knows what that is. It is hard to watch the men and the younger lads board the trains to go sign up for this Gestapo thing they are talking about. I think that it is just better for me to stay here and run my factory.

Oskar Schindler

February 26, 1939

Dear Private Thoughts Keeper,

The men and younger boys have not come back yet. Today was the day that they were supposed to come back. The women in town are working more than two jobs to support their families. We are just going through a really hard time right now. My factory is doing a little poorly right now. Sometimes I wonder if the whole world is going through what we are going through right now. I just wonder.

Oskar Schindler

February 22, 1939

Dear Private Journal,

Adolf Hitler has just declared his dictatorship. He has made this new group called the Gestapo. Hitler wants men and older boys to join. The women in town don't trust Hitler's new group. I think that they just don't want their husbands and sons to leave. I might just sign up for this thing even though I don't know exactly what it is. I always say that you have to take at least one chance in your lifetime. I think that if you don't, you're not really living. Tomorrow is the last chance I have to join this Gestapo. I am going to take some clothes and you, my private journal. I don't have a clue when I am going to come back, but it is a risk I am willing to take.

Paul Gruninger

February 26, 1939

Dear Private Journal,

I am now an official member of the Gestapo. For some reason, we have only boarded people of the same religion on the train. I think that it is a coincidence that all the people that we have boarded are Jewish. I wonder what is going on.

Paul Gruninger

February 14, 2003

Dear Diary,

I have not seen my mom a lot lately. Since I entered Evergreen State College here in Olympia, Washington, she hasn't really asked me to come and see her. I heard on the news that they are tearing down buildings in refugee camps over in Gaza. I'm thinking about taking a trip over to Gaza. I heard that there is a lot of violence there. I don't know if I will go over there or not.

Rachel Corrie

February 15, 2003

Dear Diary,

I have decided to go to Gaza and see what is going on over there. I don't know how I am going to tell my mom because she says that it is too violent for me to be going over there. I think I will just write her a letter and put it in her mailbox before I leave. I know this is going to break her heart.

Rachel Corrie

April 9, 2006

Dear Journal,

I am now officially a firefighter. I work in Station 7, East Franklin, NJ. I had my first call yesterday. An apartment building caught on fire because someone forgot to turn off one of the burners on their stove. Thankfully, no one got hurt. What a way to start my new job!

Kevin Apuzzio

April 10, 2006

Dear Journal,

We did not have any calls today. My partners said it is a little unusual because we usually have calls everyday. I really want some action. Sometimes it is hard to go to sleep because you are afraid that you will miss a call.

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

These were some of the last diary entries by Oskar Schindler, Paul Gruninger, Rachel Corrie, and Kevin Apuzzio. These people all have one thing in common - they all risked their lives to save others or in Rachel Corrie's case, something very important to someone. If it was not for them a lot of people would not be here right now.

Oskar Schindler helped Jewish people and families during the Holocaust by hiding them in his factory that he owned. He let them stay there so they did not end up going to a concentration camp.

Paul Gruninger helped Jewish people and families by signing forms that they were not Jewish and they were going to Switzerland. When people from the Gestapo found out about these actions, he was dismissed from the Gestapo and denied pension rights.

Rachel Corrie died on March 16, 2003 while trying to stop a bulldozer from tearing down a building in a refugee camp in Gaza. She was acting like a human shield trying to tell them not to tear it down.

Kevin Apuzzio died trying to carry a woman from her burning house on April 11, 2006. The floor collapsed after he let the woman run from where he was in the doorway of her house.

If it wasn't for these men and woman, the lives of innocent people would be lost.

## Writing - Division I

### 3rd Place

#### "Never Again"

Kristen Mitzel

Grade 7, Litchfield Middle School

Teacher: Irene Adler

World War II was one of the world's most horrible events because there was once a time when millions of people were killed. In 1939, a man named Hitler thought there was such thing as a perfect race. There wasn't. There isn't. At this time, he ordered the German Nazis to exterminate the race he thought was wrong, Jews.

In 1943, my family and I were moved into a concentration camp that we thought was called Auschwitz. My name is Erno. The train ride lasted four days and three nights. My family and I didn't receive any food, but we did get some water. I was afraid that my baby, Anna, and my fourteen year old son, Vidor, wouldn't make it through the ride.

When we arrived, the smell was awful. We were put into a line and we had to wait to be judged by a man standing on a podium. I was sent to the men's part of the camp with my son to work. Anna was taken from my wife, Lucia. They said that she would get Anna back, but she was never seen again. Lucia was sent to the women's camp and assigned to work in the soup kitchen. Then when she was done serving, she would go and work long hours in the fields. Lucia was assigned cabin #24. Most work days were long and lasted for almost twelve hours.

At the men's camp, Vidor and I received a small, metal cup to hold our food and a striped outfit. No doubt they were work clothes. The clothes that we wore to the camp were taken away from us. Every morning, we would have to get out of bed at 4:30 and get our food. We usually got some runny potato soup and a small slice of stale bread. The food tasted bad but it would have to do until lunchtime. Before we set off for work, the guards told us to line up for a roll-call. They made sure that everyone was present.

If someone wasn't there, they probably died the night before. When they finished, we worked. Then, we dug ditches and built the foundations for new buildings. Some people were so weak, that they couldn't make it through the work day. If someone died on the job, the others would have to carry them back to the evening roll-call.

The ladies made soup again. It was no better than breakfast. I could see that the ladies were starving. If they were caught stealing food, the guards would punish them. Sometimes, it would be twenty five lashes on the back. The evening roll-call lasted for three hours, so after a fifteen hour day, we were finally sent back to our bunk room. Every day for five months, we worked long, exhausting days. I saw horrific things. People were starved, beaten, and punished. These things I will remember for the rest of my life. Some people were even used as "guinea pigs" for new science experiments.

It was getting cold now, cold like winter. The long days went by slowly. People kept track of them by scratching marks into the wall. The guards kept the crematorium running all night and all day.

Finally, I got tired of being starved and punished, but the camp was taking us on a long walk. We were being moved again. The weak wouldn't be able to walk for that long. They barely got through the long days at work. The guards told us we would be going to a much better place. Somehow we couldn't believe them. I realized I might not ever see my family again.

The walk was excruciating. I knew that by now, my baby, Anna was dead. There was no way that she could have survived the past five months. However, if I wanted to live, I had to keep going.



We stopped after two, long days. Only about half of the group was still alive. I was dirty, I hadn't washed myself in over a week, but that was the least of my worries right now. The guards told us that we had to sleep in an empty cattle barn.

That was when I told myself that I was going to leave the parade of people. I would go to a house that I saw on the way to the barn. They had to have at least a few pieces of bread. I was starving!

Then, that night, I ran. I was not going to be stopped by anyone. When I reached the house, a woman answered the door. She said that she had a warm meal for me and that there was an extra room in the house that I could use for the night. I knew that I couldn't stay for long, in case they came looking for me.

In the morning, I thanked her for her hospitality and then trying not to be rude, I left. I was wondering if there were more people on this road that would help me.

At the second house, I found a man who was hiding other Jews in his basement. He let me in and made me a warm breakfast. He said there were warm beds in the basement and I could stay as long as I liked. He gave me some hot tea and two boiled potatoes. Again I couldn't stay any longer than two nights because I didn't want to get captured again by the Nazis. When I left, I didn't know what to do next. I found a third house that grew crops for people in other countries. They knew I was from a concentration camp, so they offered me a ride to the train station, which would take me to Russia, where I could be a free person.

When we got there I boarded the train that would take me away to be a free person. I never thought that I would make it this far. I had an easy escape and I was already on my way. I would never again be sent back to those horrid camps.

I was ecstatic when I approached a sign that I was pretty sure it said "Welcome to Russia!" I knew that I was almost free. I was ready to cry. I never thought that I would be here. I was ready to start a new life.

Two years later, the war ended. There were newspaper stands that had crowds standing around them. When I finally got to read the papers in the rack, they read, "HITLER DEAD." Everyone was happy again. The war was over. In the rush of the crowds, I saw my wife and son. Somehow, they met up and found their way into Russia as well. I started to cry again. I was so happy that my family could live together in peace again. Never again will I be trapped in a camp and never again will people suffer because of Hitler's wrong deeds.

## Writing - Division II

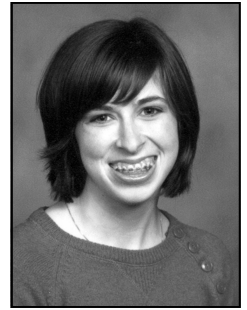
### 1st Place

#### "Promises"

Bridget Nickol

Grade 12, St. Vincent-St. Mary

Teacher: Anne Bickett



Trembling with fear,  
I watched  
As the door opened  
Knowing that behind it  
Stood the personification  
Of evil

He was  
My husband,  
Father of  
Three precious children,  
And yet,  
I could not even speak to him  
Could not even look at him  
Could not love him  
Any longer

Had he not friends?  
Had his heart  
Hardened so much  
That he could not understand  
What it meant  
To protect someone you love?

I forced  
My eyes shut  
Hoping beyond all reason

To appear  
Asleep  
My mind racing  
Unrelentingly  
Fearful of what was to come

"Frieda!" he barked  
My plot  
Had been translucent  
"I can see beyond your spineless deceit—  
They better not be here."

As rage  
Boiled within me,  
I strained to suppress  
My true emotions  
"They're gone,"  
I responded coldly  
"Shouldn't you  
Be going too?"



Foolishly, he tore  
Through the entire house  
Searching  
In vain  
For the Jews who  
Had once hidden here  
His ignorant  
Hatred  
Preventing him from  
Seeing beyond  
His so-called duty

Erna was  
No longer here  
Her brother had gone  
As well  
For they could stay  
Here no longer  
When the threats of  
My husband's blackmail  
Had grown so dangerous

As he angrily tore open doors  
Like a blood-thirsty fiend  
Hunting for its prey  
I could not help but recall  
The love  
We had once shared  
The family  
We had once treasured

All of it gone—  
Our vows to each other  
Broken  
Because of two simple  
Promises:  
My promise  
To a friend;

His promise  
To a dictator,  
Blind  
To that friend's dignity

Desperately  
She had come to me  
Caring for a brother  
Deaf  
To the world around him  
Yet as unable as she  
To ignore  
The piercing clashes—  
Clashes  
That jeopardized  
Their very lives

Two full  
Years I had spent  
Concealing

Within my small apartment  
Terrified  
Of what might happen  
Yet never questioning  
The fact that they  
Deserved  
My protection

A protection  
That I now felt I needed  
Against  
My husband  
Who, infuriated by his  
Fruitless search,  
Suddenly came  
Bounding toward me  
"Where are they  
Now?" he screamed  
"I don't know," I responded  
Shakily  
Raising his hand  
As if to strike me,  
Abruptly  
He dropped it,  
And turned  
Toward the door

As he passed  
Through the door and out of  
My life  
Forever  
His response remained close  
Surely, he had seen  
Past my deception,  
Yet, something  
Had squelched his anger

Perhaps it was  
His memory of the  
Love  
Once so strong  
Between us;  
The promises we  
Had made in marriage

Yet as these vows  
Of marriage  
Faded away  
Still I kept a promise—  
A promise I had made to  
A friend  
Driven away  
By his threats:  
As long as I had  
Food,  
So, too,  
Would she

This promise to a friend  
 So simple,  
 Yet so powerful  
 Reminds us of the importance  
 Of the vows we make today  
 Hold tight to these promises  
 Let not your love for humankind falter  
 All the while  
 Maintaining hope that one day  
 The power of your loyalty  
 To a promise will show through

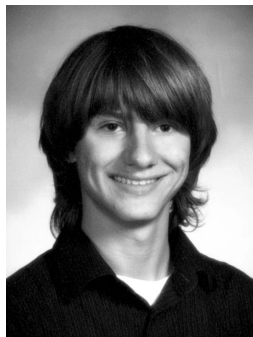
## Writing - Division II 2nd Place

### "The Fire of Righteousness"

Loren Neubert

Grade 11, Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller



As I lay here, my crumpled form miserably slouched against the dismal walls of my cold, stone prison, there is no hope for me. I am gravely ill, as I have likely contracted pneumonia, and even now my lungs begin to give way. I am suspected by the Soviets to be a spy, and if I do not die of my illness soon, it is very likely that I shall die by the hands of the NKVD. There is no light in this cell, and there is no hope for me. But there is still hope in this room, though it is not for me. There is hope in this room, and that hope is for the thousands of near-martyrs for whom I devoted myself to during the last four years of my life as a free man.

Allow me to explain. My name is Raoul Wallenburg, and I am, or was, a diplomat of Sweden. I once dwelled in the Swedish Embassy in Budapest, Hungary. At present, however, my dwellings are much less glamorous. I reside now in a cold cell in a cold prison in the cold land of Soviet Russia. Though the air around me is frigid, I shall never shiver, for inside me I have a fire.

As a Diplomat, I was keenly aware of the impending crisis facing Europe. I became very skilled at manipulating the Nazi government through bribes, threats, and lies. As the war went on, and Hitler's "final solution" began to take shape, my diplomatic envoy and I began to work frantically to do everything in our power to prevent this atrocity. We acted quickly and effectively. We created a system in which Protective Passes were distributed to Hungarian Jews, shielding them from having to wear a yellow star or be imprisoned. Our work was difficult and dangerous, as we worked against the darkest parts of human nature and the powers that were. I worked to establish safe houses to house Hungarian Jews and protect them from Nazi hate craft. I became well renowned for my many adventures in distributing

protection passes to people whose plights many deemed as hopeless.

As the war neared an end, I was confronted with terrible news. The local commander of the German troops in occupied Budapest had received orders to completely destroy the population of the Budapest ghetto. Acting instantly, I informed the German commander that if he carried out this order, he would be tried as a war criminal when the war reached its conclusion. The German commander did not massacre the ghetto that day, nor the next day. An estimated 97,000 Jews were saved from wholesale slaughter through my actions.

In the aftermath of the war and the resulting Soviet occupation of Hungary, I was captured by the NKVD because I was suspected to be an American spy. Unfortunately, diplomatic attempts to secure my freedom have all failed, and I lie here, in a pitiful position, coughing fluid from my lungs and waiting for the end.

As the war was drawing to a close, and the figures were pouring in of reports from the Death camps and the work camps, my sense of satisfaction with my work in Hungary began to fade into a feeling of deep regret and despair. I regret that I could not do more.

As death looms over me, I am totally alone, save for the fire inside me. It is the fire that roared as I jumped trains in order to deliver Swedish Protection Papers to Jews bound for prison camps. It is the fire inside me that crackled and spat when I stood on the rail-car tracks and stared down my own death, if only for the chance that I could save others from such a fate. It is the fire inside me that now burns my lungs with every breath I take. It is the fire inside me that has never gone out, and though I may die, it never will. The air around me is biting cold, and yet I sweat from heat.

There is no hope for me in this cell. And yet this cell is filled with hope. For inside me, and inside the heart of my fire, burns the will and the compassion to take action against evil and tyranny. My fire still burns inside every soul who witnessed atrocities unspeakable, every victim of oppression and hatred, every guilty conscience, every sympathetic creature, every being in need, and it burns in all those who will remember my story, our story, and shall not stand idly by as the iron rain attempts to extinguish the embers of life in its relentless downpour.

Death is upon me now, and though I expire from the freezing cold, I am quite warm. My fire burns ever stronger in the hearts of those who will always remember. I am experiencing the only funeral pyre my body shall ever know, for I am shrouded in fire. A fire that, though it can be suppressed, can never be extinguished. Inside me is the fire of righteousness, and it shall burn forever.

(All winning entries can be seen on the City of Akron's Website at: [www.ci.akron.oh.us/holocaust](http://www.ci.akron.oh.us/holocaust))

## Writing - Division II

### 3rd Place

#### **“Ordinary People, Extraordinary Times”**

Sarah Yakubik

Grade 9, Ellet High School

Teacher: Constance Smith-Clemens



Two world wars, the systematic murder of thirteen million minorities, and repeated atrocities of smaller scope but equal horror have led Professor Lawrence L. Langer of Simmons College, Boston, to label the twentieth century as “pain-wracked”. The intense sufferings of the victims of these catastrophic events have been ascribed to the evil results of prejudice, intolerance, ambition, and cruelty. Many ordinary people made these brutalities possible by voluntary collaboration with the perpetrators; others were content to look the other way. However, even in the midst of these nightmares, good people helped to rescue those in danger by acts of kindness. Using some examples from the Holocaust of 1933-45 in Europe and the Rwandan massacre of 1994 in Africa, many similarities are found. Remarkable rescues happened because ordinary individuals acted in morally responsible ways regardless of personal risks. Their stories are more simple than heroic but their deeds are immortalized in the words of the Talmud: “Whoever saves a single life is as one who has saved an entire world.”

In 1933, the National Socialist German Workers’ Party, Nazis, came to power under the leadership of Chancellor Adolph Hitler. The German government initiated a program to isolate, impoverish, and annihilate the Jewish population. Anti-Semitic propaganda was used to incite fear, suspicion, and hatred of the Jewish people. Anti-Semitic laws removed Jews from government positions. Jewish professionals lost their jobs; they could not own a business and their property was heavily taxed. They could not attend school with non-Jews, nor go to the movies, the library, nor own a radio. As a result of these discriminatory laws, many Jews left Germany. Those who remained hoped to adjust, endure, and survive.

1939, the German government annexed Austria, invaded Poland and conquered Denmark, Norway and Holland. Soon, the German armies seized nearly all of Europe. With the occupation came the anti-Jewish laws. The Jews of Europe were trapped; they were relocated to ghettos; conscripted into forced labor; required to wear a yellow star on their outer clothing. Then they were rounded up and transported to concentration camps where six million of them perished. The mass murder did not stop until Germany was defeated

in 1945. During this period, anyone caught helping a Jew faced imprisonment or death. Yet, survivors have given witness to acts of kindness from ordinary people who helped Jews under these extreme conditions. Undoubtedly, many stories of assistance have become lost in the veil of secrecy that made them possible, but a few have survived to record the heroism of good people who, through difficult personal choices, were able to rescue friends, neighbors, colleagues, and strangers.

The efforts of Miep Gies are known because Anne Frank kept a diary. The story of the Frank family, hidden in a secret annex in Amsterdam, Holland, from July, 1942 to August, 1944, is a source of inspiration and courage. Mrs. Gies helped to hide eight Jews: her employer, Otto Frank and his family and his friends. While she describes her activities as ‘ordinary’, she risked her life by dealing with the black market, using forged ration cards, and leading a double life to keep her friends safe. Unfortunately, someone disclosed their hiding place, and the group was sent to concentration camps. Only Otto survived. Although her long commitment met with only small success, Miep Gies had done what she could to help. She said it was not enough!

In occupied Poland, Oskar Schindler, a member of the Nazi party, became manager of an enamel ware factory that had been confiscated from its Jewish owners. The factory operated using forced labor from a nearby concentration camp. Because of his reputation as a scoundrel he avoided suspicion. He used his skills in flattery, bribery, and manipulation to remove his workers from the camp. He kept them at the factory where he gave them better food and protected them from abuse. He falsified records and used his own resources, as well as those of his workers, to assure this humane treatment. The cost of his operation has been estimated at four million German marks. He was arrested twice but was able to use his connections to secure his release. Perhaps his most brilliant achievement was his rescue of 300 female employees who had been sent mistakenly to Auschwitz. They may have escaped immediate gassing because of their better physical condition and, when Schindler found them, he insisted on their return. This is the only known incident of a transport leaving that death camp. The reverses of the war led Schindler to relocate the factory to Czechoslovakia where the Soviet Army liberated them. Schindler’s employees had to arrange his escape because he faced death as a Nazi. He survived and, because of him, so did over 1,200 Jews. He felt he had failed to do enough!

In contrast to the personal efforts of Gies and Schindler, the entire fleet of Danish fishermen ferried over 7,000 Jews to safety in neutral Sweden. This anonymous evacuation of one group by another, and the openness of the Swedes in accepting them, made possible the survival of 95% of the Jewish population of Denmark.

Raoul Wallenberg was an American-educated Swedish businessman. When the Jewish community of Budapest, Hungary, faced deportation, they appealed to several neutral countries for help. Sweden responded by issuing passes to Jews giving them protection. This program grew so large Wallenberg was appointed to administer it. He far exceeded his authorization by issuing over 14,000 passes and establishing safe houses for refugees. At one time, he got atop a deportation cattle car and stuffed his passes through the window. Although German soldiers shot at him, he climbed down and demanded the release of persons with the Swedish passes. Several other neutral countries began to issue passes in imitation of Wallenberg. In all, he is credited with rescuing as many as 100,000 Jews. Wallenberg was taken custody by the Russians and vanished; it is widely held he was executed by the Russians who thought him an American spy.

The history of the Holocaust provides examples of how individuals from all classes and nationalities acted to protect a persecuted people at great personal risk and cost. It also serves to accuse ordinary people who willingly took part in the killing or chose to look away. This same bleak scene repeated itself in 1994 when a new genocide was committed in Rwanda, Africa. Inflamed by hate propaganda, the Hutu tribe took machetes to Tutsi neighbors and acquaintances. In 100 days of killing, nearly one million Tutsis and moderate Hutus were dead. As had happened a half-century earlier, an ordinary person tried to help. Paul Rusesabagina, a hotel manager, used his situation and his skills – bribery, deceit, and influence – to shelter and save over 1,200 people from death.

In the same genocide, when the killing started, a white missionary, Carl Wilkens, falsely put his hope in peace-keeping forces and remained at his post. As warden for the Adventist mission, he organized and implemented the evacuation of other missionaries and his own family. He provided personal protection to two mission workers who remained in his home. He stayed in close contact with the American embassy and other mission sites by ham radio. Upon hearing the Gisimba Orphanage was without food and water and was surrounded by militia who threatened to kill them all, Wilkens was able to take water to them and observe their dangerous situation. He tried to get help from the police but, when that failed, someone suggested he seek the help of the prime minister. Wilkens thought the suggestion was impossible but, the prime minister unexpectedly passed him in the hall, and he seized the moment to boldly mention the probability of a massacre at the orphanage. The prime minister promised to help and arranged the rescue of the orphans.

As long as corrupt power continues to use mass murder as a solution to its problems, the world will continue to need individuals ready to protect the diversity of their communities and the commonality of their humanity.

If these elements cannot be saved, the world is lost. The histories of the rescuers testify that ordinary individuals can make a difference to one, to a few, to thousands, even to hundreds of thousands of lives. Through their example, until there is a real solution to prevent further atrocities, every man must resolve to preserve his own humanity by acting to save others and, thus, one man may save the entire world.

## Writing - Division II

### 4th Place

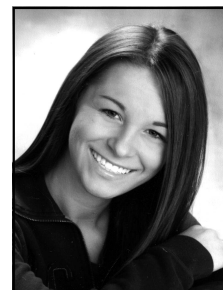
#### “Unheard Voices”

Emily Ingram

Grade 12, St. Vincent - St.

Mary's High School

Teacher: Mary Anderson



#### During the Holocaust

The Jews were

**So alone**

Cold

**And in the dark**

Rejected

**Voices not heard**

A part of the select few

**Starvation**

And torture

**Horror**

Devastation

**And destruction**

Families torn apart

**Innocent people burned**

Pain and suffering

**Sadness and tears**

There is still hope...

**A chance to live...**

Because of you, the righteous,

**We are still alive**

Thankful to tell our story

**The hands of death**

Did not seize us

**You opened your arms**

Welcomed us lovingly

**You took us in**

Treated us like your own

**If only more people could have seen past**

The yellow star

**And been like you**

You looked past all the differences

**And didn't judge us**

Please always remember

**What the Talmud says:**

"To save one life, is as if

**You have saved the world."**

And still today  
**People are dying**  
 Parents, children, and siblings  
**Die each and every day**  
 From torture  
**And starvation**  
 Will you help the people  
**In Darfur**  
 Can you see beyond yourself  
**You read about**  
 The genocide  
**And hear about it on**  
 The news  
**You feel sorry**  
 Please lend a helping hand  
**Their people did nothing**  
 To you  
**Can you show them**  
 That you do care  
**One person can make a difference**

All you have to do is  
**Spread the word...**  
 Because you may be the one  
**Who saves a life today**  
 "To save one life, is as if  
**You have saved the world."**

**Writing - Division II**  
**Honorable Mention**  
**"Justice, Where Are You?"**

Cassandra Ausperk  
 Grade 12, St. Vincent - St.  
 Mary's High School  
 Teacher: Mary Anderson



Justice, where are you?  
 When I was locked in the attic  
 Behind the secret door  
 I wondered where life would lead me  
 Hidden behind the bookcase  
 That slid shut and latched  
 I wondered what would become of my friends

I heard screams late at night  
 And I wondered, was that friend or foe?  
 Once a week a nice man with a beard came  
 He brought us bread and water  
 Mama said he saved us  
 But I was not sure from what  
 Locked in the attic  
 Behind the secret door  
 I had to keep quiet all day  
 Mama and Papa never smiled  
 And my sister could not play until late at night

All of the windows were covered  
 We could have no light  
 I felt as though we were in prison  
 Papa said we were better off trapped in the attic  
 Than dead outside  
 Mama told me the man was a doctor  
 He saved lives everyday  
 When he came she cried  
 But it seems now they were tears of joy  
 For he brought food and hope  
 He told us of the world outside of our walls  
 Of the great things that were being done to protect the  
 Jews  
 Papa promised it wouldn't be long  
 We would be free very soon

Locked in the attic  
 Behind the secret door  
 I wondered where life would lead me  
 Hidden behind the bookcase  
 That slid shut and latched  
 I imaged a world where I would be free  
 Not trapped in the hell that existed in my own mind  
 Some mornings I would wonder, would it be better  
 outside my walls?  
 Would it have been better to die then?

Justice, where are you?  
 Sixty years have passed  
 And I am a survivor  
 One of the lucky few  
 I can turn on the television in my home  
 And watch the injustices that still go on today  
 I watched it happen in Rwanda  
 And now Darfur  
 I wonder  
 Is there a little girl  
 Trapped in a basement  
 Underneath a secret door  
 Is she as scared as I was?  
 Is there a man with a smile  
 Bringing her food and hope?

When will the world learn  
 That death cannot be ignored?  
 Little children are still dying from wars  
 They did not start and they cannot stop  
 I close my eyes as tears drip down my face  
 How many more millions of people will die  
 Before Justice will be found?

## Writing - Division II Honorable Mention

### "Our Compassionate Rescuer"

Bethany Kauffman

Grade 12, Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller

"Stehen Sie auf! Müssen wir verlassen!" I will never forget the expression in my father's voice when he woke me from my deep sleep with those terrifying words. His voice was strong, adamant, and yet uncertain all at the same time. I didn't know what could happen that would cause these emotions in my papa, but I trusted him and did as I was told. Not wasting any time, I reached under my wooden bed and found my single pair of shoes. My heart was racing, my mind was spinning, and my fingers were shaking as I double knotted the two bunny ears. Papa had warned us that one night we might have to run away, but I always thought this nightmare would end before we had to leave our home. As my thoughts became more focused and my senses became alert, I identified the sounds of glass breaking and people screaming; and it sounded as if it was right down the street. My feet seemed to take on a mind of their own and they carried me to the window to satisfy my curiosity. My eyes locked on to the guns, axes, and fire weapons being thrown about the streets. As the horrific scene unfolded before my eyes, all of my senses froze. My curiosity overloaded and the truth pulled me into shock. What was going to happen to us? How were we ever going to get out alive?

"Anneleise!" My mother's frightened screams jerked my thoughts back into my body, and I tore my gaze from the war below. She pulled me into her protective arms, relinquishing only a few seconds to comfort me, and then she clung onto my hands and quickly dragged me down the stairs and into the living room where my Papa was waiting with Giles, my older brother. Although he was only twelve years old, his eyes illuminated with knowledge beyond his age. He feared the worst; he feared the truth.

I knew it would be pointless, but I asked my Papa what was happening, "Was geschieht?" As I presumed, Papa tried to keep his ten year old girl innocent from the harshness of the world, and simply ignored my question, not wanting to explain the events of the night. Instead, he told me to put on my coat and bundle up to stay warm. Just as Papa turned to leave the house, he suddenly stopped and stared at his coat. He used his muscles, and the adrenaline that was no doubt coursing through his veins, to tear the identifying yellow star off his jacket. Giles caught on to the meaning, and did the same to his. Mama and I relied on the men to tear our identities from us. As Papa threw David's stars to the ground in infuriation, I realized that we were leaving everything we knew behind. My saddened gaze swept over the familiar parlor one last time, and my memory

captured the picture of me and my mother hanging over the mantel. We had gone to the carnival to watch the flying trapeze and lion tamers entertain us. We were so happy back then, and now it seemed I would never feel that again. I silently said goodbye to all of our belongings as we ran through the house, and out into the night.

The shadows of the fighting mobs and the screams of murderous gangs transformed the familiar neighborhood into a new world, one that I never had any intentions of exploring. Papa guided us through back alleys and gated yards and once through a small creek to get to our final destination. The entire journey seemed as if it took at least four hours, but to this day Giles swears it was only 30 minutes. I didn't know where we were running to, what place would be able to offer us protection? It seemed as if these enemies would stop at nothing to destroy us.

I didn't learn until later why it was that they were after us. I didn't know that someone could hate just because they didn't agree with another's religion, or way of life. Apparently, that was the only reason that we were attacked that night. My family was Jewish. For me, that meant that we believed in a God who would protect and save us. ...For me, that meant going to services every Friday night, to affirm our beliefs. ...For me, it meant being a part of a supportive community and family. I was, however, incredibly wrong. Being Jewish was a mark; a dangerous and deadly trait to be marked with.

Our race to safety slowed down at the sight of a strong brick building. The cross out front labeled it as a Christian church. I had never before entered a Christian house of worship- but now it seemed as if my father trusted it to be our own sanctuary.

Cautiously, quietly, my father stepped through the crunching snow. He led us through the dark shadows toward the rear of the church. With all the violent happenings of the morning, could he be fearful- even now- that the church might be occupied by police, or another angry mob? Slowly, he turned toward Mama. Raising his eyes toward hers, he silently begged her, for the first time in his life, for help and advice. Her surprisingly calm gaze met his hesitation. They studied each other for a moment, measuring the circumstances. Finally, my mother looked at the brave man before her and nodded just once to show her agreement. With renewed resolve, Papa took the last step and grasped the door knob in his left hand. Most likely, we all thought, the door would be locked, leaving us again abandoned in this fearful night.

But the handle turned, and the old door pushed open with just a slight puff of air. Both thanking our God, my brother and I followed our parents into the warm shelter.

Everything was silent except for our pounding hearts. To our left were candles stacked in a corner- next to a deep red robe and a white stole, likely worn during the last service. What was it their Rabbi was called...? Pastor. Yes - likely worn by the church pastor.

I felt an odd sense of honor at having entered this unfamiliar house of worship which likely had more in common with our beliefs than we ever imagined.

We all, except for father, jumped in fright as a figure entered the room. Was this man a friend, or would he call for the police? He walked slowly toward my father, and strangely, Father moved forward, his hand outstretched, his eyes filled with relief. The pastor held his arms out around us, and said, "Welcome. You are safe. I understand that you are running from the violence. I offer you warm place to hide."

In hearing these words, our whole family reached out in return, tears streaming down our faces. This man's kind gesture and understanding of the situation calmed our fears. We had nothing to offer to show our thanks, except for the two very sincere and heartfelt words that came from all of us, "Vielen dank." The Pastor responded to our words of gratefulness with his own reprimands of the violent men attacking our neighborhood. "You are always welcome here. Those men think they are fighting for freedom and justification for the past. They will not find that in hurting and killing others. Although they appear to have a lot of followers, you have to search for those willing to protect the innocent victims, the people like yourselves. There are more people than you realize who will stand up for those in need, no matter what their background, religion, or race.

"Now, please, come with me, and I will show you where you can stay. Your home for the next couple of days will be cramped and unbearably wearisome, but safe. You will have to remain silent, so as to not provoke any suspicion. I will do my best to find you a route to safety, you just have to trust me. Do you trust me?" Papa would have been a fool not to respond positively to that question.

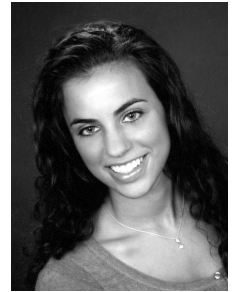
I've been sitting in this small cupboard-like room for two days now, waiting for the compassionate Pastor to give us some answers to our pleas for help. I have no doubt that he is trying his hardest. Mama says we can do nothing except pray now, and trust in the man who rescued us from sure death.

## **Writing - Division II Honorable Mention "Fighting Innocence"**

Kristen Lecerf

Grade 12, St. Vincent-St. Mary  
High School

Teacher: Anne Bickett



I saw. Peering out of the wood-paneled window of my comfortable and quaint apartment, I witnessed a heart-wrenching scene. Claspng tightly to his father's hand, the small boy's sweet face exhibited a petrified expression as he walked hurriedly past the stoic, rigid man clad in black and red. Although safely peering from behind the delicate curtain, the erratic thumping in my chest gained increasing strength and audibility.

I heard. Muffled cries passed through the thin walls between the rooms of the apartment building like secrets in need of a lending ear. Sobs of desperation became more frequent as word of the planned Nazi activity spread. The weeping of the young boy's mother was perceptible as she began to fear the degrading intrusion of her home and the unfair snatching of her husband and only son by cruel and unforgiving strangers.

I felt. Sheltered from the apathetic intentions of the German soldiers, as the days progressed I intuitively sensed the irresistible urge to aid my neighbors. The nagging feeling took a permanent residence in the pit of my stomach and prodded me to dig out previous unneeded household materials for three long-term guests.

I prayed. The subject of my entreaties to God for the next two and a half years concerned the well-being of the man, woman, and boy of Jewish descent cautiously abiding in my small home. The consequence of being caught was certain death for all involved.

They lived. The golden star that had once been worn in shame and had once stripped the family of its identity and innocence had slowly shone through as a beacon of light, a ray of hope in the decrepit darkness and despair that had proven to be a blessing in disguise.

I understood. Despite the dire risks involved in helping those who were being summoned, an inclination, dealt to me by human nature, to believe that all are worthy of dignity and acceptance, prohibited me from merely behaving as a bystander. I never thought of my actions as heroic; I only hoped that, if the situation were reversed, at least one brave soul would decide to stand up and fight the contagious demon of ignorance that is at fault for our false scapegoats and misconceptions.

## The City of Akron Holocaust Commemoration

**DAYS OF  
REMEMBRANCE  
2007**



U.S. HOLOCAUST  
MEMORIAL COUNCIL

All first place winners and their teachers will receive a trip to Washington D.C.,  
to visit the U.S. Holocaust Museum, May 17, 2007.

## The City of Akron Holocaust Arts & Writing Contest

2008 Theme:

**“The Holocaust:  
From Prejudice to Genocide”**

Teachers and students: Get a head start on next year's art and writing projects



## Holocaust Arts and Writing Contest Judges

### Visual Art

Renee Pinsky, Chair  
Bonnie Cohen  
Missy Higgins  
Pat Sargent

### Creative Multimedia

Jim Jones, Chair  
Barbara White  
Jeff Yuhaz

### Creative and Research Writing

#### *Screening Jurors*

Michael Derr  
Gary Himmel  
Mark Kaufman  
David Kern  
Edith Wiskind  
Helen Yeszin

#### *Final Jurors*

Anna Maria Barnum  
Judy Bendremer  
Joe Kiefer  
Tina Mogen  
Steven Newman  
Rory Sanders  
Barbara White

## City of Akron Holocaust Commemorative Committee

Sue Spector, Chair, City of Akron Holocaust Commemoration Committee

Margaret Andreeff  
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Judy Bendremer  
Colleen Benson  
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Katie Wells-Goodwin  
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# 2007 City of Akron Holocaust Memorial Trust Fund Donors

## **2007 DONORS** **CIRCLE OF FRIENDS FOUNDATION**

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# 2007 City of Akron Holocaust Memorial Trust Fund Donors

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In memory of Inge Steinberger who was a survivor

Ludwig and Mildred Stern

Norman and Helen Yeszin



# *Proclamation*

*TO THE PEOPLE OF AKRON:*

*Whereas:* The Holocaust was the state-sponsored, systematic persecution and annihilation of European Jewry by Nazi Germany and its collaborators between 1933 and 1945. Jews were the primary victims -- six million were murdered; Gypsies, the handicapped, and Poles were also targeted for destruction or decimation for racial, ethnic, or national reasons. Millions more, including homosexuals, Jehovah's Witnesses, Soviet prisoners of war and political dissidents, also suffered grievous oppression and death under Nazi tyranny; and

*Whereas:* The history of the Holocaust offers an opportunity to reflect on the moral responsibilities of individuals, societies, and governments. We, the People of the City of Akron, should always remember the terrible events of the Holocaust and remain vigilant against hatred, persecution, and tyranny. We, the people of the City of Akron should actively rededicate ourselves to the principles of individual freedom in a just society; and

*Whereas:* The Days of Remembrance have been set aside for the people of the City of Akron to remember the victims of the Holocaust as well as to reflect on the need for respect of all peoples; and

*Whereas:* Pursuant to an Act of Congress (Public Law 96-388, October 7, 1980) the United States Holocaust Memorial Council designates the Days of Remembrance of the Victims of the Holocaust to be Sunday, April 15 through Sunday, April 22, 2007 including the Day of Remembrance known as Yom Hashoah, on April 15.

*Now, Therefore:* I, Donald L. Plusquellic, Mayor of the City of Akron, Ohio, do hereby proclaim the week of Sunday, April 15 through Sunday, April 22, 2007, as Days of Remembrance in memory of the victims of the Holocaust, and in honor of the survivors, as well as the rescuers and liberators, and further proclaim that we, as citizens of the City of Akron, should strive to overcome intolerance and indifference through learning and remembrance.

*In Witness Whereof:* I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the City of Akron to be affixed hereto this 9th day of April, 2007.

*City of Akron  
Mayor*